

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Hum.* At Barwicke, and come thus farre for helpe.

*Poore man.* I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,  
That sweete Saint Albones should giue me my sight againe.

*Hum.* What are lame too?

*P. man.* I indeede sir, God helpe me.

*Hum.* How camst thou lame?

*P. man.* With falling off a plum tree.

*Hum.* Wert thou blind & would climb plumtrees?

*P. man.* Neuer but once sir in all my life,

My wife did long for plummes.

*Hum.* But tell me, wert thou borne blinde?

*P. man.* I truly sir.

*Woman.* I indeed sir, he was borne blinde.

*Hum.* What art thou his mother?

*Woman.* His wife sir.

*Hum.* Hadst thou beene his mother,  
Thou couldst haue better tolde.

Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.

*P. man.* Yes truly master, as cleare as day.

*Hum.* Sayst thou so: what colour's his cloake?

*P. man.* Red master, as red as blood.

*Hum.* And his cloake?

*P. man.* Why that's greene.

*Hum.* And what colour's his hose?

*P. man.* Yellow master, yellow as gold.

*Hum.* And what colour's my Gowne?

*P. man.* Blacke sir, as blacke as Iet.

*King.* Then belike he knowes what colour Iet is on.

*Suf.* And yet I thinke Iet did he neuer see.

*Hum.* But clokes & gowns ere this day many a one.  
But tell me sirra, what's my name?

*P. man.* Alas master I know not.

*Hum.* What's his name?

*P. man.* I know not.

*Hum.* Nor his?

*P. man.* No truly sir.

*Hum.* Nor his name?

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*P. man.* No indeede master.

*Hum.* Whats thine owne name?

*P. man.* Sander, and it please you maister.

*Hum.* Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue i  
dom. If thou hadst bene borne blinde, thou mightst  
knowne all our names, as thus to name the feuerall c  
do weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but soda  
minate them all, it is impossible. My Lords, S. Al  
hath done a miracle, & would you not think his cur  
great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs aga

*P. man.* Oh master I would you could.

*Hum.* My Masters of S. Albones,  
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,  
And things call'd whippes?

*Mayor.* Yes my Lord, if it please your Grace.

*Hum.* Then send for one presently.

*Maioi.* Sirra, go fetch the Beadle hither straight.

*Hum.* Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.

Now sirra, if you meane to saue your selfe from whi  
Leape me ouer this stoole, and runne away.

*Enter a Beadle.*

*P. man.* Alas master I am not able to stand alone,  
You go about to torture me in vaine.

*Hum.* VVell sir, we must haue you finde your leg  
Sirra Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that same f

*Beadle.* I will my Lord, come on sirra, off with yo  
quickly.

*Poore man.* Alas master what shall I do, I am not a

*After the Beadle hath hit him one ierke, he leapes ouer t  
runnes away, and they run after him, crying a Myr  
racle.*

*Hum.* A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe,  
through euery Market Towne till he comes at Barv  
he was borne.

*Maioi.* It shall be done my Lord.

*Suf.* My Lord Protector hath done wonders to da